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# CLEANINGS BY THE WAY,

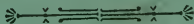
BY

DAVID GITTY,

OF

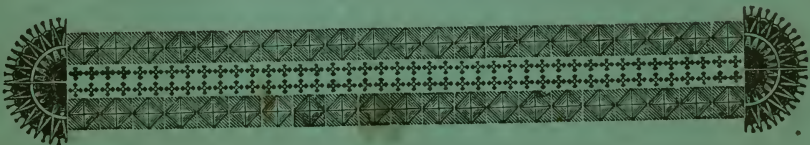
AMBOY, ILL.

Claiming to be Guided by the Spirit  
of God in its Production.



CHICAGO, ILL.,  
1892.

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## A Few Thoughts of Explanation.

When a man of proper thought reads an article it is a great benefit to him to know the ability and truthfulness of the author of the article; this would have much to do with the impression on the mind of the reader. Thus I wish to give my position, as I am the only person that has had anything to do in presenting the variety of thought that is set forth in this pamphlet. I always was very hard to learn, consequently I received but little education; can read, write, and spell. I had but little desire for reading books or papers of any kind. I was a great lover of amusements, games and plays of all kinds, up to my conversion. Thus you can readily see I could not have had any knowledge of God, or Christ in his atonement, nor man in his relation to God. I can justly say that every thought presented in this pamphlet has been given me through the agency of God's Holy Spirit. Please compare with God's Word. I call your attention to one of Christ's promises, St. John xvi. 7-15.

The object I have in presenting this pamphlet with its contents to the public is, that all who read it may have some knowledge of the wonderful workings of God's Spirit on the human mind. And as I have for twenty-seven years, been hungering as seemingly man never hungered for earthly bread, for light from God through his Word, and as the thoughts presented in this pamphlet are some of the fruits given me, which are the fruits of obedience to God and His service, and as I have been greatly blessed, benefited and instructed during these years, while God has so bountifully flooded my soul with such glorious and heavenly lights given through his divine Spirit: thus I greatly desire that others may be greatly blessed of God through the reading of the contents of this pamphlet, asking God through his divine Spirit to bless the reading of this pamphlet to all who may read its contents, to a knowledge of his saving grace through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

DAVID GETTY.

These lines were written August, about the 15th, 1873. The circumstances connected with the writing of them are these. As I lay on my bed one Sabbath day, this first verse was presented to my mind by the Spirit of God, not lined as here presented; only the first line came first. I was greatly stirred by the Spirit of God to know just what God wanted me to do. After some time in a struggle of mind, this first verse was fully arranged before me. It stirred me to such a degree I took a pencil and wrote it on paper. After awhile the next verse came the same as the first. It stirred me until I placed it on the paper next to the first; so verse after verse came to my mind not knowing what was to follow until it was finished. You may ask, "How did you know when to stop writing?" Just the same as you would in case you were writing a communication for a friend; when he ceased to communicate to you that would be the end. So with myself; when God my Father in heaven ceased to give me more to write, that would be the end.

## EXPERIENCE.

When I was a child,  
I did as many children did;  
I ran to many things that were wild,  
Which God's law does forbid.  
And when I became a man,  
I still followed the road of sin,  
Which led me to the devil's hand;  
Thus I did my manhood begin.  
When a child about two or three,  
My mother did me begin  
To teach me my A, B, C,  
About He who died to save from sin.  
But not being a mental scholar,  
And loving to follow in sinful mirth,  
The devil captured my mind as his fallow,  
As sin was sown in my nature from my birth.  
Thus I lived in years of sinful pleasure  
Until I was about thirty-eight;  
Drinking in the gall without measure,  
Until a very few years of late.  
Now when I am fifty years of age,  
Not possessing one earthly dollar,  
I come the truths of the Gospel to engage,  
Not spending one hour as a mental scholar.  
As I am a native of this county,  
Feeling a hallowed fire working within,  
I come to declare that great bounty  
That is offered by that man of sin.  
And now if you will allow me  
The privilege, in the city of this berg,  
I will tell you about that mighty He  
That carries with him a glittering sword.  
As it is with the honey bee  
While he gathers honey for his hive,  
So it is with this mighty He,  
To those that live their wicked lives.

As the bee gathers honey for the hive,  
He carries with him a mighty sting;  
To him that does against him strive,  
He will thrust his sword at him.

So it is with this mighty He;  
As he is the Author of salvation's plan,  
While he died to save you and me,  
Yet he carries a mighty sword in his hand.

His blood is for the healing of the nations,  
To heal them from the malady of sin.  
To those that contradict him in this nation,  
He will thrust his mighty sword at him.

If you would like for me to tell you  
How I became acquainted with him,  
When I was toiling to stand with the few  
That love to confess their sins to him.

His blood will cleanse from the foulest sin,  
And rank you among the blest.  
If you will only confess to him,  
You can have a place in his heavenly rest.

I have spent many sinful hours,  
And walked in the ways of sinful mirth;  
But now I walk in his heavenly bowers  
Since I tasted the Christian's birth.

When in sin I was in deep distress;  
I had many, many torturing hours;  
But now I rest on Jesus' breast,  
And gaze through his celestial bowers.

As I am a native of your county,  
In my relation resemble the honey bee,  
I wish to gather some of earth's bounty;  
In my relation I represent that mighty He.

Thus I come, for he is the same,  
To declare to you the way of the cross,  
As every knee must bow at Jesus' name,  
As he died to save that which was lost.

Now I come in Jesus' name,  
To hold up to you the paschal Lamb  
For sin has passed through every vein  
Of this once happy, happy land.

Now if you in Ogdensburgh city  
Will not these burdens help to share,  
Though I am not numbered among the witty,  
You cannot of these blessings have a share.

I come with messages to this land,  
According as I am ready to declare,  
Directed according to salvation's plan,  
To deliver this nation from its mighty snare.

I claim to be directed by that mighty He  
That carries with him a glittering sword;  
Then will you please examine me  
According to God's Holy Word?

With this I give to you my testimonies,  
Asking you please examine them, and see,  
Before you sav over me many ceremonies,  
About me sounding this nation's jubilee.

Then let us live consistent lives,  
And deal kindly with each other;  
Then we can be like the honey in the hives,  
To sweeten and strengthen each other.

As honey is good for bodily disease,  
So is Christ represented in the Scriptures  
To give that sinful soul perfect ease,  
And open to the mind some new pictures.

This nation is bodily diseased,  
And needs some medical attention;  
Then I point you to Christ to get ease,  
As he is the only remedy of invention.

As you may see, this disease  
Is not of human invention;  
Only Christ can the soul release  
According to his blood-bought redemption.



## EXPERIENCE.

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This nation needs the blood of redemption  
To cleanse us from the malady of sin;  
Then let us see what is our relation  
To that mighty He that conquers the man of sin.  
You have said I am not an earthly scholar;  
This is right, and very true;  
Yet I may be one of the King's tellers  
To communicate holy things to you.  
I claim to be called to this nation,  
Its spiritual condition to declare;  
Then I must to you make mention  
How the devil does this nation try to snare.  
Now if you would have me make mention  
How the devil does this nation try to snare,  
It's in view of the Gospel declension,  
Accordingly as our churches do with the Gospel compare.  
And if you would have me more make mention  
How the devil does this nation try to win,  
Prepare the way according to my commission,  
And I will tell you more about this man of sin.  
I know that I am not a Gospel student  
The way the students now days begin;  
And I fear many of them will rue it  
Because they were not cleansed from inbred sin.  
This is one of the Gospel declensions  
Which robs them of the Holy Ghost;  
There are others that I might mention  
That scatter coldness among God's hosts.  
They discipline and culture mental power  
To save mankind from their sins;  
Thus they cannot gaze in the heavenly bowers;  
Nor many souls from Satan do they win.  
This is done through mental studies,  
As they do with their students begin:  
Which makes their minds' eye very muddy,  
And when they come to deep waters they cannot swim.

I have told you of one of the Gospel declensions;  
There are others which I might relate  
If I only had time to make mention  
As I look through this New York state.

I have not time now to mention  
Those things that I have seen of late ;  
But your city must have this great redemption  
To save it from its awful fate.

I will give you a simple hint,  
As I have been made to see,  
Which will give some of you an awful hit  
As this light came from that mighty He.

I saw your city rising high,  
As it were the shock of a volcano ;  
The brick and mortar went through the sky ;  
But this was done by a great tornado.

Now if you would have me more relate  
About this great man of sin,  
I'll tell you how he tries to capture every state,  
And this nation how the devil tries to win.

He has three rakes combined in one,  
To rake up his hellish fires;  
The chief of these is the traffic in rum;  
This rake the devil much admires.

Now if you do not open your doors,  
And hear what I have to you to relate,  
According as I have heard from the golden shores,  
God will bring this city to an awful fate.

For if you reject this heavenly call,  
According as light has come to me,  
God shall on you let his judgment fall;  
As I claim it's from that mighty He.

Then come let us dwell in His heavenly bowers,  
And sing the songs of endless days;  
Not sleep away these precious hours,  
For you must meet them at God's judgment day.

Now if you would have me tell you more

In this great metropolis city,

About that Heavenly Jerusalem shore,

Please open the way for your servant, David Getty.

Written by David Getty, of the town of Lisbon, County of Saint Lawrence, to convince the people of the city of Ogdensburgh, and elsewhere in said county, as a testimony of the nature of his call, as he professes to be moved upon through the power of God's Spirit to an important station in Gospel labors for the perfecting of righteousness, in these United States of America.

### PRIDE AND FASHION.

This was written especially to the city of Ogdensburgh. The reasons why I have in different writings been led to this city are these; it was the metropolis of our county, although it was not the county seat; yet it was the leading town or city in my native county in many ways; thus it had the greatest influence either for good or evil, and in view of the wonderful promptings of God's Spirit in my soul, for the future prosperity of this American nation, I was led to this city in part as representative of this American nation.

I saw your city all in great convulsions,

As it was handed down to me,

As they were following the many fashions,

While Jesus looked upon them from the tree.

Your city was filled with play grounds;

And money is spent for race courses too;

Thus you are like all other wicked towns

That make their money such wicked things do.

You have many drains and many sewers;

This is to keep your city in a healthy state;

While you have many jobbers and stone hewers.

Your ditches to dig, your stones to break.

You have your machinery and fine flowering mills;

These are running very gallantly too.

Then there are your lawyers and doctors dealing out pills.

And your seamstresses and tailors are not a very few.

You have your grogshops and malt making stills;

Your planing factories making sash and doors;

Then there are your bankers stamping out their bills,  
And many have blue and purple spread on their floors.

I saw in your city a beautifully laid ring;  
It was beautifully arranged and locked very fair;  
It was worked by a secret touch of a spring;  
Oh, how it makes, your ladies look and to stare!

This ring is covered with silvery ore,  
And has many grades of many kinds;  
Thus many in your city seek to enter its door  
To get something to satisfy their hungry minds.

As this ring is only unlocked by the just,  
As it's by faith I have searched out the spring,  
Thus for your benefit, if nothing more, I must  
Lead you into the secret of this beautiful ring.

This ring is like that Tammany ring  
That was run in the city of New York;  
Only on a different scheme, and was run by him  
That always does God's designs try to thwart.

This ring is the work of some evil doers;  
Not them in your city that do your stones break;  
Neither by them that lay down your sewers.  
Such men, for such work, the devil does not take.

Neither by your lawyers, nor seamstresses,  
Nor the bankers as they stamp out their bills,  
Neither by those that are connected with the stampers,  
Nor yet by the doctors that deal out their pills.

It's not those men that work at your machinery  
That have plotted this ring that looks so fair;  
Such men are not used to carry on such misdemeanors.  
Then who has plotted this ring that makes your ladies  
stare.

Let us search and see if we can find this ring's end;  
Or who has searched out this wonderful plot;  
As I profess to be your Christian friend,  
I'll search according to God's Word as it's all I have  
got.

This ring is the invention of some ingenious workman,  
That knows how to excite the curiosity of man;  
Thus as you may see it's not very easily broken,  
As it's done on one of the devil's shrewdest plans.  
As it was with the Tammany ring in New York,  
So it is with this ring in Ogdensburgh city.  
As the devil always does God's designs try to thwart,  
As he shows himself shrewd and very witty.  
Then let us find who invented this wonderful plot;  
It certainly is the inventor of heathenish fashions;  
Then we will go to old France where they were got,  
And see if they are not following these lower passions.  
This ring is the work of some incendiary  
That is always God's designs trying to thwart.  
Thus when we look into the devil's diary  
We find it's like that one that was plotted in New York,  
Now if you will continue to follow France fashions,  
And still continue to enter this ring's door,  
May God in heaven on you have compassion!  
Remember France has been covered with human gore.  
Remember France always trampled on God's word,  
And was always led by the inventor of heathenish  
fashions.  
Then will you not by those truths be stirred,  
And not be led any more by your lower passions.  
This ring is laid by the inventor of heathenish fashions,  
Which have always been against God's Word,  
For the devil is the inventor of our evil passions,  
Thus he would ever pierce us with his sword.  
Now will you dispose of those play grounds  
And teach your citizens better things do?  
Then you will be known as one of God's towns,  
And finally be numbered among Christ's little few.  
Do you not know these evils are the works of the devil.  
To induce you to follow your lower passions?  
And for the purpose to get you to practice his evils  
Has he invented and introduced these heathenish  
fashions?

Now will you be entreated by one that's studied God's  
Word,  
And has been permitted to look into the devil's  
diary?

For there I behold a very great sword,  
And your city by times to me looks very fiery.

Then will you be entreated by one that's your friend?  
When you enter this ring you squander God's money,  
For Christ does teach against those Grecian bends,  
Although we seek them as one that likes the lick of  
honey.

Is not this devil something like the farmer's dog?  
He would not eat nor let the horse eat his hay.  
Then why will you let the devil your way clog,  
By leading you around this day after day?

This plot is laid in the fashion of a ring;  
And on it are hung all manner of flowers;  
As you step to its door you see all manner of things;  
Then you are persuaded to start on an investigating  
tour.

This ring is represented with ornaments from the  
poorest  
To the giant lady in dress in your city;  
But I see not many samples for pants or vests,  
As you know the devil is shrewd and very witty.

Now as this plot is laid in the fashion of a ring,  
And you very well know that a ring has no end,  
As fashions often change it brings out many new  
things;  
Thus of late I found on it the Grecian bend.

There are ornaments for the head, the back, knee  
flounces too,  
Then the round tires, wimples, the hats and vails;  
Thus we find tinkling ornaments, with silver topped  
shoes,  
These we find hanging on its silvery rails.

## A MILL.—FALSE DOCTRINES.

These lines were written some time during the first ten years of my experience, not all at once. As you will see commencing at the 18 verse; instead of ship on the water, it's a mill, representing the people passing through the stage of this life by the different kinds of grain coming through the different hoppers. Some of these hoppers Lucifer runs in this great mill. These represent the spurious doctrines taught from the Bible by false teachers. Please compare with God's Word and the people on this earth.

I saw a water and it was very deep;

On it were ships small and great swiftly sailing.

Oh, how my heart did melt, my eyes did weep,

As I looked forward and saw men's hearts failing.

This water was very deep, and very wide,

And millions have passed over to its glittering shore

Oh, come! you men with failing hearts, on it glide,

For Christ is at the helm, and he is the open door.

This water was very rough, and had a tide,

And oft has been known to ebb and flow;

Yet these ships on it, how safely they do glide,

For Christ is their captain and you can't him over-  
throw.

Then, as I, according to the eye of the mind,

With their pick ax, the shovel, and the hoe,

Look down on this world and behold mankind,

Rushing on towards that eternal woe.

For there is a river that you cannot cross,

As its briny depths its banks do overflow;

And on its billows your back it will toss,

And cast you beneath its briny billows below.

Then as I look out upon the great sea of time,

And see the masses as they run to and fro,

Oh, how my heart yearns over the world of mankind,

To save them from those briny billows below!

On this water there is the steamboat and the plow,

These both travel here along together;



If you would them separate, I will tell you how;  
Place them on a level before your Heavenly Father.

There is the gold, and then the dross,  
And these are found here both together;  
They never can together this water cross,  
And be accepted by our Holy and blessed Father.

This water as you may see is the sea of time,  
And we are all here traveling along together;  
Christ is the assayer to purify the mind,  
Then we can swiftly glide across and safely live  
forever.

As I look upon this world and see the awful bustle,  
Then to behold a Saviour looking from the tree,  
I wonder what will be done with so many ribbons and  
ruffles,  
As they undertake to cross together this mighty sea.

But as Daniel the prophet has prophesied,  
Many in the latter days should "go to and fro;"  
And many should be made white, and tried;  
These are they the briny depths cannot overflow.

While I looked upon this great watery sea,  
For truly it must be the great sea of time,  
I heard a voice, and it came to me,  
And said, "Go and warn the family of mankind."

Thus I come, it's from the anvil I did grow;  
With Christ I learned as he is assayer of the gold,  
To warn men everywhere to shun that awful woe,  
And to call his sheep as there is but one fold.

Then your attention I call to these ships a gliding  
As they sail over that great sea of glass,  
While every sailor is in Christ abiding,  
Crying from on board "We are all home at last."

But as this sea makes one common level  
To the halt, the lame, the blind and the poor,  
How many will get drawn into that awful tunnel  
That is known to be the devil's trap-door.



As Jesus Christ has been crucified, and died,  
And is testator of a legacy and a will,  
Let us be purified, made white and tried,  
Then we can stand on the golden hill.

For there is a road that seemeth right,  
And many there are that travel therein;  
Let us arm ourselves with armors bright,  
And cleanse ourselves from imbred sin.

I saw a sea; it was both deep and wide;  
On it was a great mill, and it was grinding;  
There was many a miller working on the inside,  
Thus I saw this world in its hoppers grinding.

This sea that I saw is the great sea of time;  
The mill is the evolutions of this world as it's gliding,  
Which will wear it out according to its time,  
According to God's Word which we will confide in.

I saw in this mill many hoppers as it was grinding;  
Some for corn, some for wheat, some for early potatoes,  
Thus I saw this world as it was a dividing,  
Some went below, others went up the elevators.

In this mill I saw many kinds of grain;  
I saw them thrown into the hoppers;  
Some went through, and others returned again,  
While some was fitted for the flour packers.

I saw beneath this mill a very large tunnel,  
Its mouth was close to the smut separator;  
Some went down its mouth with a rumble,  
While others went up through the elevator.

This tunnel is the road that leads to death;  
The elevator leads up to the rejoicing evermore;  
Then I'll stand for Christ while he gives me breath,  
As I expect he will save his millions more.

I saw in this mill a curious set of hoppers;  
They always grind a curious kind of grain;  
They seemed to be crying spirits talking to others  
Which is said have left the earth and returned again.

This kind of grain, it's wonderful to say,  
It appeared to run toward that tunnel's mouth;  
In the midst of the tunnel I heard another say,  
"Please tell me up there what you are all about."

Now as this world is like a great large mill,  
And the millions of minds are running through its  
hoppers.

How few are living according to His divine will,  
Yet how many there are that call themselves jobbers.

But when we look up to the third heaven,  
There behold the great display of falling stars,  
Then we are not able to number the leaven,  
That makes in this mill so many awful jars.

But through faith we have been able to trace  
And find some hoppers that Lucifer runs;  
While in this world we must his workmen face,  
As we now in this mill our work have begun.

Then I call on all those workmen and jobbers  
That are running hoppers in this great large mill,  
Be careful that you are not found God mockers,  
And you get thrust in its tunnel with a mighty  
thrill.

If you would know who wrote these verses,  
A man from Lisbon called David Gitty,  
Having no help from any earthly sources,  
Neither claiming to be numbered among the witty;

But as God has said he chooses the weaker  
To confound the mighty and bind the strong,  
Thus Christ to us is much sweeter  
Then to be numbered among the learned throng.

For Christ to us is our leading shepherd;  
He always leads his sheep to fields so green;  
How many in this mill have coats of leopards?  
Those to us you know look very mean.

## INTEMPERANCE.

The circumstances connected with the writing of these verses are these: I held a meeting in Clinton County, in York State. There was quite a number converted to God. Amongst them was a man and his wife who belonged to a lodge of the Good Templars. The interest was very low in their temperance work, and they asked me to write something to stir them up to more activity in their lodge. I told them I could write nothing unless the God of Heaven gave it to me by his Spirit, but it was not long before my mind was greatly stirred by God's Spirit concerning their request, and this first verse came to my mind, then another. One verse at a time, not knowing what was to follow; until I wrote these lines which I now will present to you.

It's by a kind brother's and sister's request,

That I have been invited this to write.

Yet my friends oft said, it's not best,

As it's all folly to accept such invites.

But as I have professed to be called

Many evils in our land to expose,

I would say a word about alcohol;

Thus I have these lines now composed.

As I am not numbered among the witty,

Nor scholarship from books do understand,

If my name you would know, it's David Gitty;

Called to expose evils in this American land.

There is a traffic in this run

Which the devil much admires;

This is to destroy Adam's sons,

And fit them for his hellish fires.

Now God, from dust created man,

And gave him a high position;

He is above all that came from God's hand,

As we search through all his creation.

God made man in his own image,

And gave him the power of choice.

God placed upon man a glorious vestige,

And gave him power to hear God's voice.

God made man not with animal nature;  
Then he must not follow his fleshly desires.  
This would place man below God's features;  
• Then flee from these hellish liquor fires.

God made man not to practice sin.  
Neither to follow his fleshly lust's desires.  
Thus the devil always looks with chagrin  
As man trifles with his hellish liquor fires.

God made the human family  
To follow and worship him;  
Then why will man be so ugly,  
As to foolishly drink these alcoholics in.

God made from dust our father Adam,  
And placed his moral image on him,  
But the devil seduced our great grandmam,  
And caused both Adam and Eve to sin.

Then why will man obey his sinful lusts,  
To eat and destroy his own flesh?  
Then please count the dollars spent for husks  
And you to lose that heaven of rest.

God made man a heaven to enjoy.  
Then why will he in the ditches wallow?  
The devil sets a ginshop them to decoy;  
Then they are called hale, jolly good fellows.

Now, as I have undertook to write  
For the benefit of you Good Templars,  
Do not think I am drawing the reins too tight;  
As I profess to be one of the King's tellers.

There is a traffic in our land  
That robs mothers and children of their fires,  
It breaks many a family band.  
This is that traffic the devil much admires.

Now will you be entreated by a friend,  
All that's in this traffic, or so disposed?  
As I must soon bring this writing to an end,  
Leave it and help me these evils to expose.

This hellish traffic in our land  
Is destroying a giant mind;  
It's ruined many a wealthy man,  
And brought disgrace on many of the feminines.

Then will you not, as intelligent men,  
Hear what I have now to you to say?  
If nothing else in view of the feminine,  
That you may lead them in the right way.

But this is one of your lesser features,  
As man is to God in his relation;  
For God made man a glorious creature,  
And has placed him over all his creation,

Now as man was made to worship God—  
Made a little lower than the angel,  
Why will he use whisky as a punishing rod,  
While Michael disputed not with the devil.

Now is this not enough to show  
That rum is a traffic hellish fire?  
It gives many a man a bloody nose,  
And causes many to wallow in the mire.

Then come my fellow traveling man,  
You are with me to eternity bound;  
Please leave these wicked liquor traffic bands,  
Join our crew and you shall have a crown.

Then you can sing the songs of endless day  
When you awake on that bright morn,  
When Jesus comes and drives night away:  
Then you can thank heaven that you were ever born.

Would you know who wrote this for your lodge?  
It's he that came from St. Lawrence County.  
The truths of the Gospel he will not dodge,  
Although he gets not much of this world's bounty.

Now I love the temperance theme,  
And am one of the temperance scholars.  
I've been taught the theme by a King  
And am sent out as one of his tellers.

If you more from me would like to know  
About these hellish liquor traffic fires,  
I will tell you how the rum traffic goes  
In this nation that God has so much admired.

Now, as I am about to close,  
I would say another word about liquor,  
As I design the devil's evils to expose;  
Then, O man, please no more with him to dicker.

God made you as a man,  
Not to wallow in the mire;  
Then take the Bible in your hand  
And help put out these hellish liquor fires.

"There is a road that seemeth right;"  
And many there are that's walking therein;  
Whisky will all your better hopes blight;  
Alcohol will always make the head to swim.

Then what is the chief end of man?  
To honor, worship and glorify his God.  
Then what will you do with these liquor bands  
When they are brought under God's iron rod?

Then it is the chief end of man  
To honor, worship and glorify his God.  
Then, come, leave these liquor traffic bands,  
Not be pierced with God's iron chastening rod.

Now I commit to your investigation,  
Asking you to follow God's holy commands  
While we are now in his creation,  
As these truths we must at God's judgment stand.

Thus I close as your Christian friend,  
Asking you to meet me in heaven;  
Then in Christ our hearts will blend  
Not like the hypocrites nor Pharisee's leaven.

## A WARNING AND APPEAL.

Not long before I left the State of New York, I was at my sister's in the city of Ogdensburgh. My soul was somewhat stirred on the account of intemperance in that city. Thus my mind was led to this first verse, and so on until I had these accomplished. I then was led in my mind to write three sets of these verses, copied from the first, place them in three envelopes, on the back of the envelope was written "Don't pass me by, but pick me up and read me." They were not sealed. I then was to drop them in three different parts of the city. I did so. This is the appeal.

Prepare ye the way for Zion's King,  
Or God will visit this Ogdensburgh city.  
This is a very solemn thing  
For me to declare among the witty.  
There are many whited sepulchers,  
And this is hard for me to relate,  
While the churches have many speculators;  
This very much God does hate.  
Zion's walls are tumbling down;  
The devil is leading his troops therein;  
Then I call on this metropolis town  
To throw your rumshops straight at him.

Alcohol is one of the devil's drinks;  
It places many a man in the mir ;  
It leads many down to ruin's brink,  
And puts out many a mother's fire.  
O ye daughters of this metropolis town!  
Arise put on your Gospel shoes,  
Or God will tear this city down;  
For God can save with many or few.

I call on this city's staff,  
Whether they are many or few;  
It matters not whether people cry, or laugh,  
I want them to join Christ's humble crew.  
This is my object and my aim  
To save this land from a bloody gore;



Then come join our Gospel train  
And you shall stand on a golden floor.

I am not numbered among the wise;  
Neither claim I to be among the popular;  
I never dress in a coat of disguise,  
Nor claim to be one of Satan's cobblers.

I claim not angelic beauty,  
Nor Adam's Eden perfection;  
I always mean to do my duty  
With the warmest love and affection.

I once was bound in slavish chains  
Under Satan's great iron door,  
But now I gaze on the celestial plains  
As by faith I stand on the golden shore.

Now remember when you are passing by  
And pick up these few verses,  
That God always hears his children's cry;  
Then never get up any fusses.

Then please let your neighbors read them,  
Then send them around this city,  
For I am a traveling pilgrim  
Traveling towards that golden city.

I soon expect to leave your city  
And ride in a golden chariot train;  
I fear many that are numbered among the witty  
Will be found their bodies among the slain.

For God is purer than angelic beauty  
And rides in a mighty glorious team,  
Then let us do our God-given duty,  
Then what if men or devils do complain.

I once more call on those noble daughters  
To arise in your Gospel hue,  
For whisky is making its dreadful slaughter,  
Is your father, your brother among that slaughtered  
crew?

Then come you nobles in this city  
And help to put down this whisky ring;



For remember in that glorious city  
There is not found any such wicked thing.

---

### A CALL TO ACTION.

This was written in Amboy, Illinois, at a time when there was quite a stir among the people against the evil of intemperance.

Onward! Onward to the war;  
Whether black, freckled, or blue;  
Whether very nigh, or very far,  
God now, my brother, calls for you.

Onward! Onward to the fields to fight,  
Whether corn cake or mince pie;  
Your armour must be pure and white;  
This is the angel of the Lord's cry.

Onward! Onward now in battle array,  
With your faces always to the front;  
The expenses your Heavenly Father will pay;  
Then never cry out I won't.

Onward! Onward, for God is a calling  
For men, and for women too;  
Do you not see men, women and children are falling,  
And their numbers are not a very few.

Onward! Onward, for Jesus wants you;  
Then how can you say won't?  
His locks are already wet with the dew;  
Then come with me to the front.

Onward! Onward, haste, O don't delay!  
How dare you, my brother, refuse to go.  
While God's Spirit calls you to-day?  
Then remember, remember that awful woe.

Onward! Onward! the battle is raging,  
The recruiting angel calls for you;  
Behold, the sword of the Lord is flaming,  
He saves by many or by the few.

Onward! Onward! the battle surely is ours,  
For God never met with a defeat;

Then why throw away these precious hours,  
When your pretense makes the battle complete?

Onward! Onward! the nation calls you,  
From Heaven's high throne it comes;  
Then put on breast plate and shoe,  
And march after the beat of the Gospel drum.

Onward! Onward! to the Pisgah's height,  
Where Moses stood and viewed the land  
That was so beautiful, and bright,  
While God led him by his own hand.

Onward! Onward! God will not suffer a defeat;  
He holds all power above and below.  
O that man was more nimble on his feet,  
And not step for God so dreadful slow.

Onward! Onward! to the front, boys come;  
Onward! Onward! to the battle field go,  
Onward! Onward! I hear the beat of the drum,  
Onward! Onward! until we conquer the last foe.

Onward! Onward! up the battle hill climb;  
God will never suffer you to get beat;  
Behold the angel! How his sword does shine!  
He is ever ready your foes to defeat.

Onward! Onward! take courage my boys,  
The battle is sure, and will soon be over,  
Then you can taste of Heaven's best joys,  
And drink at the golden fountain forever.

---

### A CALL TO BACKSLIDERS.

This was written in Amboy, Ill., under similar circumstances as No 6, first appeals to those once in the light of God's Spirit, calls them to Christ as their healer and cleanser, also appeals to all mankind, etc.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed  
When all nature seemed to smile;  
But now the gold is so heavily 'loyed,  
Which makes all things below look vile.

Once I had a lovely Father's smile,  
And in his bosom I did rest;  
Then I thought I was his child,  
And was by him ever blessed.

But now I am in slavish chains,  
Bound down in sins' iron cell.  
Oh, that I could relieve my fevered brain!  
Or who can break the chains of this awful hell?

To you there is a ransom given,  
To him if you will make your call,  
He is the Lord, the King from heaven,  
Who died to save not one but all.

Then, there is a ransom, pure and white,  
That was not marred by Satan's fall;  
He is the Lord, the center of all light,  
To earth he came to save us all.

Then come all ye of Adam's sons  
That was broken by the fall,  
Christ for you salvation has won,  
Whether rich, or poor, great or small.

Come all ye that are polluted by sin,  
Or are under sin's iron yoke;  
Christ for you salvation did win,  
For sin does God's anger provoke.

Then come, draw nigh, touch the blood,  
It makes the foulest sinner clean;  
It prepares the way from earth to God,  
Jesus has all souls by his blood redeemed.

Then come all that are wild,  
And wandering on mountains of unbelief;  
God has called you for his child;  
In Jesus is prepared the soul's relief.

Then all nature to you will be charming,  
While you can lean on Jesus' breast;  
Nothing here below will be alarming,  
As you are prepared for the Christian's rest.

Then come, ye noble sons of Adam,  
That are scattered over this earthly ball,  
Remember the sin of your great-grandmam  
That caused all the sons of Adam to fall.

Then cheer up, ye nobles of earth's redeemed !  
In Christ you are equally called ;  
All can look to Christ as their friend  
All over this earth's remotest ball.

Then as the day of man's probation  
In view of time is fast receding,  
Then let us hear the Gospel proclamation  
While Jesus yet for sinners is pleading.

Come, ye weary, come, ye needy,  
Come, ye rich, come, ye lame;  
Come, for all things are now ready;  
Come ye to the fountains of fame.

Come all good people far and near  
And hear what I have to say;  
Throw away your whisky and your beer,  
Then let us now kneel down and pray.

## A FAST YOUNG MAN.

This was written in Amboy, Ills., about the same time as "A Call to Action" and "A Call to Backsliders." It is a true picture of many young men in this God-given land.

If I was a scholar,  
A busy one I would be;  
I'd work for that dollar  
That so many like to see.

I would put on the golden buttons,  
And beautiful wrist bands you see;  
I'd eat beef chops and muttons,  
Because I can work the rule of three.

I would go to floral hall  
And dance every night;  
Then don't think me too small  
When it's time to begin the fight.

I would smoke the finest cigars,  
And chew the finest cut;  
I'd drink ale out of the jars,  
Then away from the counter strut.

I would ride in no open buggy,  
Nor travel in the dirt,  
As I don't like my boots to get muddy,  
And I like a fine bosom shirt.

You might call me a young man  
About the age of twenty-three;  
But don't follow my plan,  
As it never will make a man of me.

Then a warning to all I will give  
Not to follow after me,  
For as sure as you do live,  
Soon in the gutter you will be.

## ALBUM VERSES.

These verses were written at various times not designed to present one line of thought; some of them were written when young people would ask me to write in their albums. Study them closely and you will find room for thought.

On this earth are lilies and flowers;  
With these the soul gets many a sting;  
But in those heavenly bowers  
We find no such wicked things.

We learn from the honey bee  
A lesson to instruct mankind;  
These are for you and me  
If we our hearts will be inclined.

The salt that we do need  
While on earth we remain,  
Must not be mixed with bitter weeds  
Or God with us will complain.

Then to the shepherds I would say—  
To seek, and well prepare your food,  
Often be found in closet to pray,  
For God will destroy hay, stubble and wood.

The sheep that we must feed  
Are purchased by God's only Son;  
Thus we cannot with Church creeds  
Finish the work that Christ has begun.

In this world what we most need  
Is the pure unadulterated Gospel food;  
Church festivals and Church creeds  
Are numbered with hay, stubble and wood.

This world is a world of wilderness.  
The people everywhere to roam;  
But I must with all diligence  
Seek a kingdom, my everlasting home.

## OUR RULERS.

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Before sin entered this beautiful land  
They lived in mansions with flowers;  
God led them by his own hand  
As they lived with Him in heavenly bowers.

The sin that caused this wonderful dearth  
Has wounded many a heart,  
As it was in our nature at our birth,  
O then how can I with it part.

There is a ransom, pure and white,  
That was not bruised by Satan's fall;  
He is the Lord, the center of all light,  
Who came to earth to save not one but all.

I once was bound in slavish chains,  
But now I have found the soul's relief;  
This will cure a fevered brain,  
And scatter away all unbelief.

This world is filled with aches and bruises  
That cannot by themselves be cured,  
Thus the people suffer many abuses  
As they pierce themselves with a sword.

---

## OUR RULERS.

These were taken from over one hundred verses written near the close of the war of sixty-one. They represent many of the representatives of this God-given land.

Do not our chief men know  
About these rum traffic fires?  
Or how can they be blinded so,  
When they know their dens and lairs?

Do they not like the tiger's paw,  
As he lies watching like the cat?  
With their money they bribe the law,  
So they run their whisky vats.

You may think those chieftains exempt  
Because they stand at the head of the laws;  
They are so virtuous they cannot frequent  
These lai's, tigers and ku-klux paws.

This cannot in any way be so,  
As they are all looking for some gain.  
This very well every body must know,  
As they are all drawn by one train.

Gold and honor do rule the land;  
Men in office are looking for gain;  
I have yet to learn that government man  
That is not drawn in the same train.

Then how can our rulers be exempt,  
Not these truths for them to know,  
While they these lairs and caves oft frequent?  
For this is the way these things go.

Then how is it with these bribes in our land?  
How can the chieftains be any way excused?  
Please tell me, if any body can,  
If they the gold or honor try to refuse.

---

### DECEIVED CHURCH MEMBERS.

These were drawn from a personal experience, as I have for years had much conversation with those that professed to be followers of Jesus Christ.

Watchman, what of the night?  
I heard you were a Hebrew Jew  
I should have my armor bright.  
As I belong to Christ's little few.

My armor was purple and white,  
As it was dipped in a purple hue;  
I was called into the field to fight,  
But what, sir, is that to you?

I belong to this sect as a church,  
We have our members, and minister too;  
As an entrance we have a beautiful porch,  
And I occupy a fine rented pew.

We have our ministers and churches to support,  
And I am a mercantile man, too;  
Thus I have my goods to transport,  
And the expenses of my family are not a few.



My goods are marked according to the times,  
 As I am numbered among merchant leaders too,  
 Thus I must have my share of the dimes;  
 These are my leading thoughts as I sit in my fine  
 rented pew.



## An Appeal.

I as your humble servant, called of God, make this special appeal.

In every vicinity where this pamphlet may appear, will some one, who has a strong desire for the future prosperity of this American nation, male or female, volunteer to secure pledges for this book herein described.

This is the form of the pledge; please copy from it. This is to certify that we the undersigned do pledge ourselves to take, and pay for the same, the number of books set opposite each of our names; the price of each book is to be one dollar, the money to be forwarded to David Gitty or the printer when the book is placed in the hands of the printer for printing. All that pledge for this book will be notified by the printer when the book is placed in his hand for printing.

Be sure and give town, county and state, wherever pledges are received, all pledges to be forwarded to myself at Amboy Lee, Co., Ill. Also preserve a list of all names and the number of books set opposite their names in each locality where pledges are received.

NAMES	No	OF BOOKS
Mr. A. ....	1	" "
Mrs. C. ....	2	" "
Mr. G. ....	6	" "

## Attention! Attention!

### YE CITIZENS OF AMERICA!

"HO EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH, COME YE TO THE WATERS."

As a citizen of the United States of America, professing for a term of years to be called of God in a grand and glorious God-honored mission, which will in time, if properly carried out, bring to every citizen and family the favor of God, and thus make this nation one of the most glorious and best of all nations that God has placed on this earth. To fully carry out this mission, it has been my strong conviction for a number of years to place before the people a book which will act its part in carrying out the work set before me. The thoughts as they have come to me, which will be set forth in this book, have been conveyed to me by the Spirit of God; thus they are not taken from man's opinions, but are wholly founded upon His Word. The thoughts that will constitute this book have cost me twenty-seven years of constant sacrifice of all that was near and dear to me by the ties of natural laws, and the toil and labor during these years cannot be numbered this side of the judgment seat of Christ. I have for years been taking down thoughts as they have been presented to me. Thus I have considerable written at present. Now as I wish to complete the work and get it printed preparatory for its mission, I now present to you, the people of this American nation, an open door, a golden field, to aid me in sending out this messenger to bless and enlighten those that will take an interest in its contents by reading it from its beginning to its ending, particularly noticing the life, position and conversion of its author.

The title of this book will be,

### SILVER CLIPPINGS.

The contents in general will be:

First: My nativity, including my parents and grandparents.

Second: A sketch of my life from my father's death to my conversion.

Third: My conversion, and the circumstances connected. This is worth to any person the price of ten books.

Fourth: My call to preach the Gospel and the circumstances connected.

Fifth: My second call, which was to this nation, and circumstances connected.

Sixth: My wonderful convictions and exercise of mind after this call, concerning this nation during the war and since. This will occupy quite a space in the book; such as—God the author of this nation, also the mission of this nation; the analogy between this nation and the Jewish nation, God himself the author of both; the condition of this nation when first established, and its present condition. All these are to be compared and founded upon God's Word, not from a worldly or political standpoint; will give some of the political positions of parties in this nation during the war, especially concerning the rebellion.

Seventh: God in his natural attributes; from which he created the world; the means used by which God knew all about this world before it was created, the same as after it has passed away: Christ in His atonement; man, his true relation to God, soul and body, including the fall of man.

Eighth: A description of hell in three different forms, each in harmony with God's Word; what constitutes the fire of hell. A description of heaven as revealed to me by the Spirit of God; the war in heaven; the fallen angels, their position after they fell until they entered the Garden.

Ninth: The devil; who he is, where he came from, his power and majesty. Also, this book will give clear accounts of many answers to my prayers during these years, and many battles fought and victories won.

Tenth: A description of an experience I had some years ago, when I was seemingly carried out of the body

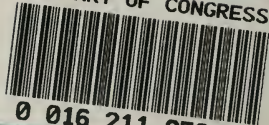
and saw wonderful things; also a description of things at a time in my experience when the people thought I was dead; also a wonderful experience concerning the line of worlds, God's throne, and what I saw as I was seemingly carried out of the body for hours; also a description of three chariots. These are grand and very beautiful; these are all in harmony with God's Word, given me for my instruction as a preparation for the work he has called me to perform. These to me are of more value than all this world combined together. Thus I present to you, the people of this great American land, this grand open door for the purpose of assisting me to finish and print this book. To every one, male or female, who *will* give me one dollar or more, with their names and post office addresses, I will deliver to their addresses one book for each dollar paid. This book, when completed, will be worth more than one dollar. I make this offer for the purpose to secure aid to finish my book, and send it on its mission. Thus, I present to you this God-given opportunity, hoping that you may feel in your hearts that this is truly an open door for you to express your thanks to Almighty God for the many blessings that he has and is bestowing upon you.

DAVID GITTY.

Amboy, Ill.



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